

Easter
number

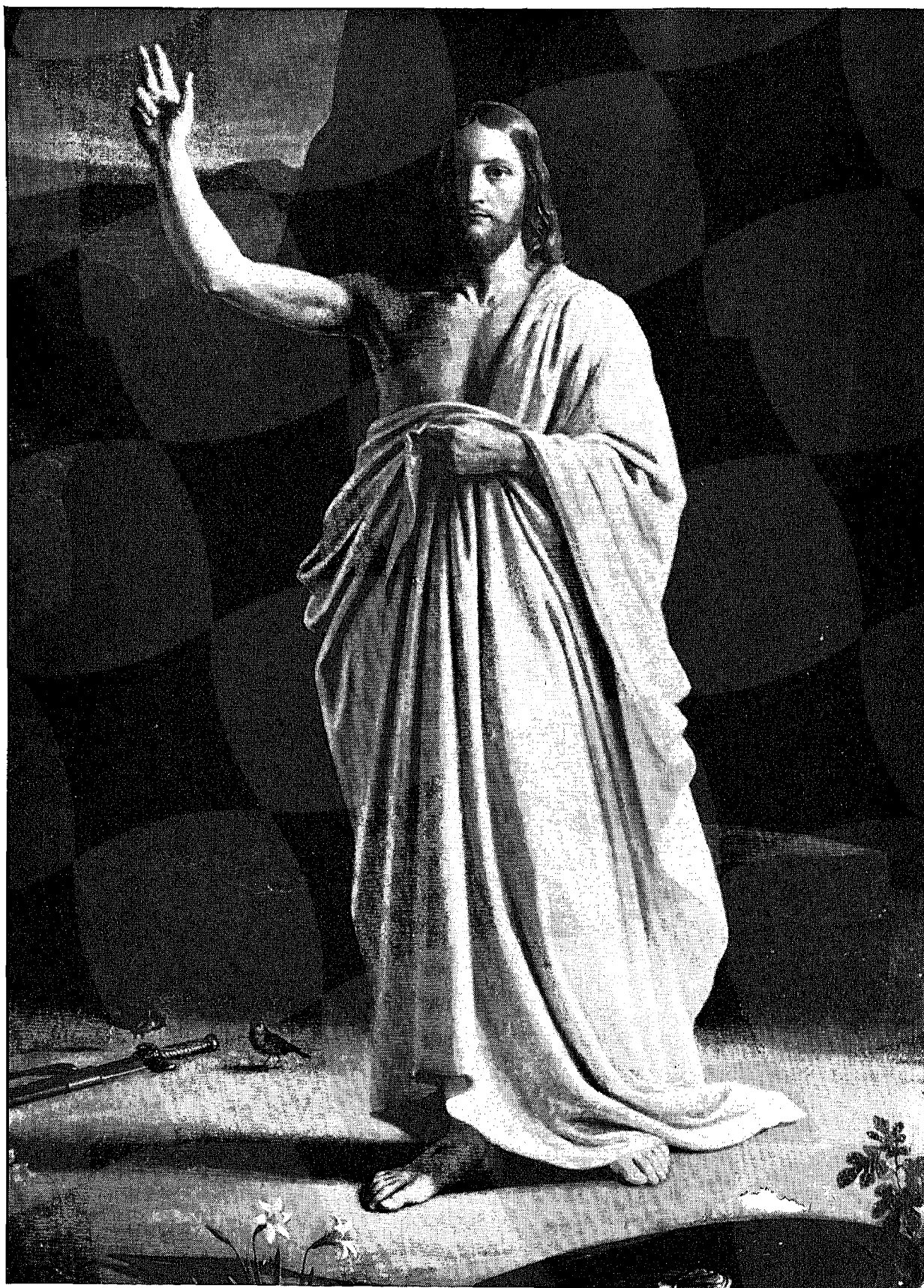
The WAR CRY



"Feed My Sheep!"

Jesus re-emphasizes His call to the disciples — after His resurrection—to leave all and preach the Gospel. (John 21st chapter.)

Feed it:



AN UNUSUAL ASPECT of the Saviour, in the act of leaving the tomb. The artist, Constantin Hansen, has depicted Christ in all the majesty of His spotless character, walking amidst the weapons of warfare thrown down by the Roman soldier in their hasty flight as the earthquake burst open the sepulchre. With a touch of inspiration, the artist has shown a pair of birds—quite fearless at the appearance of the Master, while the addition of the daffodils symbolizes the resurrection of new life that occurs every springtime.

"PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING"

THERE are fashions in religion as there are in dress or in speech. For some time now it has been quite the fashionable thing to call our Lord by His human name, Jesus, and to make much of His "gaiety" or "courage" or "winsomeness," and other such qualities. We may all be honestly thankful for the suggestions of this fashion, for quite possibly we are by them protected from thinking too conventionally and theologically of our blessed Lord. But all fashions are apt to pay us the traitor's trick of making monkeys of us. We do what "everybody" does, talk the current cant, and few things are more pitiable than that.

Not long ago a small book that I was reading, slowly, and broodingly, called on me to "feel my Lord's sorrows." Some of us can dismiss that sort of thing by calling it morbid. But I began to ask myself what instinct has made Christian people attach to Christ in a special way the words, "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

If we turn to the New Testament we find that the Epistle to the Hebrews says Christ was "made perfect through suffering," and that He "learned obedience through the things which He suffered." And if we go over the Gospels we are stunned by the privations and sorrows of the Lord. Born in a stable; growing up to have "not where to lay His head"; suffering at the last actual pain from scourging, from thorns, from crucifixion, such as possibly very few human beings, if any, have had to bear; insulted, called a madman and a hypocrite, "set at nought" in public, dressed up, spat upon. We turn sick as we think of it all.

He was tempted too—not once for forty days, but "in all points as we are," and that means throughout life. Dr. Stalker wrote of this: "Wicked men tried it: they resorted to every device to cause Him to lose His temper and speak unadvisedly with His lips: 'They began to urge Him vehemently, and to provoke Him to speak of many things, laying wait for Him and seeking to catch something out of His mouth.' Even friends who did not understand the

By

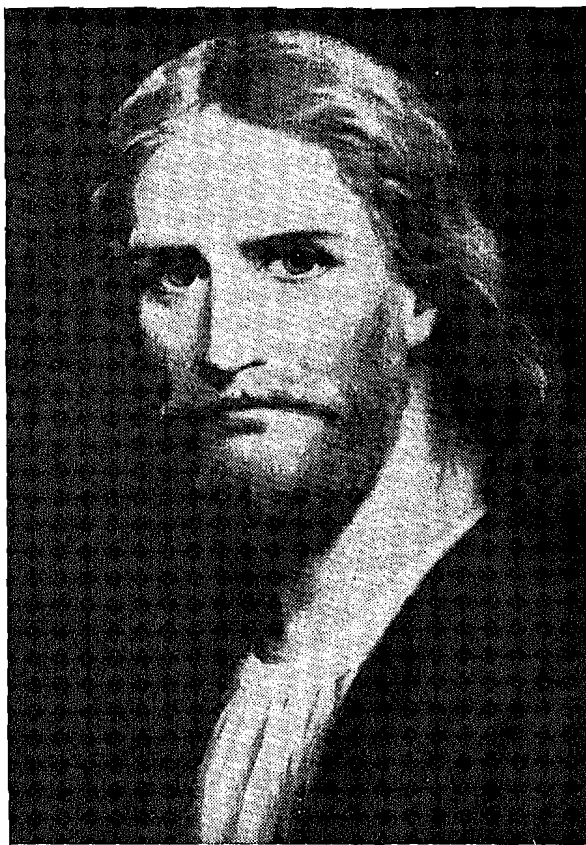
C. W.
ANDREWS

plan of His life endeavoured to divert Him from the course presented to Him by the will of God—so much so that He had once to turn on one of them, as if he were temptation personified, with 'Get thee behind Me, Satan.'"

It was not misunderstanding that made the ages call Him the Man of Sorrows, acquainted with grief. We are not called upon to turn our eyes away from all this and think of Him only as a wedding-guest, or a happy rambler on the hills and in the fields, or the centre of a group of jolly, playing children. Christian art may perhaps have been too completely preoccupied with the Agony and the Cross, but even if it be so we need not go to the extreme of dismissing all the shadows and basking perpetually in the patches of sunshine.

Pain and sorrow, and even shame, are so much a part of the common lot that we ought to be thankful that Christ is so well acquainted with them. For they do not always, and naturally, make us patient and brave and gentle. They are quite as likely to make us morose, satirical, irritable and unjust.

I heard of a lady who was said to be brilliant, successful, and clever. Through no fault of her own, I gathered, she had been impoverished and her name tarnished. "What a change," they exclaimed, "this has produced in her." But it was a good change. Her smart asperities had disappeared; she had become charitable and wise and gentle without losing any of her brilliance and charm. It is not always so. The sun



that melts wax will bake clay, and the suffering that makes one tender will make another hard and bitter. It should be our hope and ambition to be, like our Example, "made perfect through suffering."

What are the sharpest sorrows? Some people would say that the most distressing thing of all is seriously and permanently bad health. It is indeed difficult to think of anything harder to bear than a painful and incurable malady. Yet many do achieve astonishing feats of courage and happiness, even under such a handicap as that. To be blind must be terrible, yet many of us must have known someone blind but care-free. It is a great deprivation to be deaf, and it must be worst of all to be dumb because the dumb person seems the most cut off of all from doing things for others or learning from them. But the cruellest sufferings in life come to us from the wrong-doing of others. I have seen a good man's face turn ashen because of the criminal folly of his son. The family skeleton is not poverty or infirmity, but wrong-doing.

It may well be, then, that our Lord's sharpest pain came from having to bear the sin of the world.

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That Easter Morning March

AND A SOUL'S RESURRECTION



THE Captain had only just arrived at his new corps. This had been one of those sudden changes brought about by sickness, and his first reaction had been anything but good when the divisional commander told him he was farewelled to go to M——.

M—— in his mind, and in the opinion of many others, stood for "Mousehole". I need not add that although this is a real place in Cornwall, England, it was not the town referred to in this story.

The divisional commander tried to cheer his young comrade by telling him that there used to be a band. The instruments were still stored away at the hall and, seeing that the young officer was a good cornet player, his leader was sure the band would be on its feet again in "no time".

But when our young friend arrived at the hall and saw the condition of the instruments lying in a heap in the hall kitchen cupboard, he knew just how much the divisional commander's hopes had been mere wishful thinking.

However, one by one, he pulled out the battered instruments, and finding a couple with mouthpieces, tried a few notes. Yes; some were capable of use.

Hearing a noise at the door he looked over his shoulder and saw a bright-eyed lad of fourteen staring at him. "Are you the new Captain?" asked the lad. After a little talk it seemed so natural to be saying, "Can you play?" The assurance in the boy's "Yes" was surprising. Handing him the best of the instru-

ments, the officer waited for the lad to begin. After warming the instrument carefully, the lad suddenly sounded a rapid cadenza, finishing on a quiet top "C". Yes, he *could* play.

"Well, but who are you? Do you come to the Army?"

"No, but I want to play in the band." This was still more surprising.

"Did the last officer give you lessons?"

"No."

"But who then?"

The days that followed were full of activity. The instruments had to be repaired and officers invited to lead the meetings. At such short notice it was not so easy to work up a special weekend. However, two officers who were comrades of cadet days were willing to come and, with the lad and the one soldier in the corps who could play, they set out early Sunday morning—a little party of five, with hope burning brightly in their hearts.

It was a lovely morning. Spring was manifest in every hedge and

By The Territorial Commander
COMMISSIONER W. WYCLIFFE BOOTH

"My granddad. He was the bandmaster here ages ago."

"Gradually, after many questions, the outline of a sad story lay bare—the loss of most of the men in World War One; an upset in the corps; the old bandmaster neglected and forgotten, eating his heart out because there was no one who seemed to need him and, soon after, no longer any band in M——.

Hope began to stir in the Captain's heart. Now there might be a band in M—— once again. Two good players can attract others, teach others, lead others.

What was it the lad was saying? Easter morning playing! The upset had been over that. The glorious message of the risen Lord had been made the occasion of quarrelling and bitterness. "Yes, and what's more", the lad went on "Granddad's always saying he'll never go back to the Army until the corps goes out real early Easter Sunday morning."

Well, why not? No matter what the rights and wrongs of the matter were, surely after thirty years it would be a good thing to wipe the slate and start afresh. And an early morning march on Easter Sunday, is a typically Army idea, so it would not be a question of compromise.

tree. The playing was quite musical, and the joy of Easter was in the hearts of the musicians.

The lad had not said a word to his
(Continued on page 12)



"AND SITTING DOWN—

They Watched Him There"

—Matthew 27, verse 36.

"HIM—THERE". One cannot contemplate the connection between those two words without at first feeling that they have a right to belong to each other. The soldiers around the Cross of Calvary have now completed their task. Without realizing that they were but partners in a prophecy that had been made many years before, they had parted the garments of their Prisoner and, while we are sure He had been no source of trouble to them, they were, perhaps, spent and tired,

AN EASTER MEDITATION

BY GENERAL WILFRED KITCHING,
THE ARMY'S INTERNATIONAL LEADER

and only too glad to have a moment's respite; and so they took their ease as "sitting down they watched Him there".

They could have watched one of the other victims in this sad scene. They might have sat and watched the dying agonies of that thief, whose every word spoke of rebellion and resentment. They might have concentrated their gaze on the one whose words spoke of his repentance. But it was to the face of this unusual Person that they turned. They watched HIM!

Who was this central Figure?

He was certainly more than man—He was the One who had been a tender sympathizer at a graveside. His breast had heaved with sighs and His eyes had been dimmed with tears. He had given life to others; now He was compelled to die.

He was the One who, as a tired and dusty traveller, had sat by a well-side and asked a sinful woman for a drink. Yet He who hung there now was the One who would, by His dying, quench the thirst of a whole world. He was the One who once was a weary passenger asleep in a boat and who was awakened by the cries of men possessed with fear; but He had no fear. And now again there were no signs of fear evidenced in

His demeanour on the Cross. He who had been able to command the winds and the waves to obey Him did nothing to save Himself, though He could have called legions of angels to His aid.

He was the One who had inhabited eternity, who had made the world and dwelt in the realms of glory, yet, who, for the sake of sinful man, had left those glories and had taken upon Himself the form of a servant.

Yes, they were watching HIM. He whose hands had never caused hurt. He whose lips had never cursed. He

whose eyes had ever been open to the needs of men.

They watched HIM! One wonders why they did not go to hide their faces for very shame. One wonders how they could have stood the sight. They watched HIM!

When we remember who He was they watched, then it is that we feel how great was the tragedy that they watched Him THERE.

Men will justifiably show an interest in a throne. Men will look at the architecture of a city that speaks of the inventive and constructive energy of man; but that men should be able to look at such a One as He and look at Him upon a Cross is beyond our comprehension.

Men had watched Jesus in other places. In the Temple He had been seen questioning doctors. In the home He had been seen giving His blessing to a wedding feast. In places where Jews would have no dealings with Samaritans He would be found without prejudice or bitterness. In the streets He was to be seen with the pressing throngs around Him, many of the people fervently hoping that they might even touch Him.

In the homes of the lowest and despised He had been seen. In the homes of His friends and on the hillside, ministering to the needs of men and women in body and soul. In



a hundred other places He had been seen, and one feels that He is "not out of place"—but now "THERE". No wonder that His closest friends had been greatly offended when He had even dared to suggest that He was going to Jerusalem to face death.

"HIM . . . THERE."

Terrible as may have been the connection between these two words in such a scene as this—the King of Glory linked to the then most shameful thing in the world, a cross, yet, in deep humility, we accept it as a token of the love of God for man's redemption—God linking Himself with our sin; God linking Himself with our just punishment; God, in Christ, making all that was ours His in order that all that was His might be ours.

With all that we may feel about the soldiers who turned their faces

(Continued on page 12)

It Happened On the Emmaus Road

BY COLONEL E. H. JOY

I CAN never forget that day. It began so drearily and finished so wonderfully. During its hours I passed from the uttermost depth of despair to what I think must have been the highest point of bliss. It was a wonderful day!

When, in the early hours of the morning, I rose from my bed, where I had spent such a wearying, wakeful night, my brain seemed weighted with what I can only describe as a conscious-unconscious dread, as if some dream of the night had impressed itself upon my mind and would not be shaken off. The night had done little to refresh me, for all through its fitful hours I had struggled with the shame and disappointment that had overwhelmed me, until my very soul had become numb with its agony.

Turned To Ashes

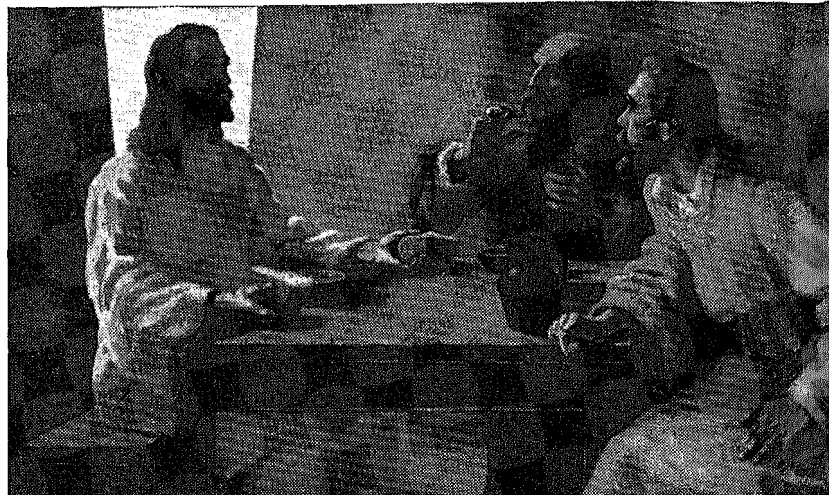
I dreaded more than I could put into words the days that were ahead. I had had such plans for this particular day. It was to have been full of rejoicing, full of accomplished purpose, the crown of all that had gone before. Now everything had turned to ashes, and the bitterness of it swept over me with an onrushing force which bowed me to the ground.

But I was to take up my burden; the hour for it had arrived, and I must go out into life and put as brave a front as I could on my calamity. I stepped out into the dawn, and shivered as its chilliness wrapped itself around me; it seemed all atune with my inner feelings. As I passed over the threshold I hoped none whom I knew would see me, especially those to whom I, a few hours before, had made such boasts.

I began my journey. I remember I had all I could do not to run down the street, such a dread had I that someone would recognize me and taunt me.

I could not help calling to mind the glee and expectation with which I had trodden that same road only a few weeks since. I thought of my companions of that other journey, and now only one of them had answered my call—my pitiful call—and even he did not appeal to me as a friend for such a sorrowful journey as mine. True, he had not built his hopes as high as I had done; he had warned me against that over-expectancy, and that made my present situation even harder to bear.

He was waiting for me down the road. His greeting was well-nigh as curt as the one I gave him. I felt in no mood for his cynical speeches. I wanted to be alone, ex-



cept that to be alone would be worse misery.

We were soon away from the city—the place of our shame, where the glory had seemed within our hand's reach only the other day. The road stretched drearily before us, and, truth to tell, we were glad of its desolation: it meant that there was none to mock our flight.

Down into the valley we went, picking our way among the stones and boulders that the recent disturbances of nature had strewn around, up the opposite hill—and so on our journey.

But now the dawn had lifted. The rays of the morning sun glinted across the domes and towers of the town, and, looking back, I caught a glimpse of that very spot whereon my shame and disappointment had culminated. Shudderingly I turned to hasten on.

A Charming Personality

I had not seen Him before. I did not remember noticing anyone previously in the way. But as I turned from my hasty backward glance upon the town, I found Him by my side. I wish, oh, I wish I could describe Him as I saw Him then!

Such a mien, such grace, such charm! And yet of His physical attraction I seem able to recall so little. Quite naturally He fell into step with us—or we with Him. Which was it? And so easily did He enter into our talk, which up to that point had been sad, even to the point of moroseness.

He seemed to direct most of His words to me, although my companion has since argued on that point; he says most of the conversation was with him. But I am not disposed to quarrel about it—how could one? Even His remark on our doleful appearance did not irk us, but had the hint of a strange warming of the heart.

The miles fell behind us; the day wore on; occasionally we stayed for a while by the roadside to rest ourselves. But in the strangest possible way the dreariness and weariness of the road seemed to lessen as we

traveled on toward our destination. Almost as quickly as I tell it the day seemed gone, the twilight moments passed and the evening stars began to appear. The birds had ceased their calling, and we welcomed the glimmering light of the inn by the road.

Our strange Friend made though He would have gone farther but we were slow to part with Him and urged that He should take His evening meal with us.

So we sat down together. I wondered at the time, I remember whether it was my fancy that a hush had come over us; there seemed to be, so I now recall, a sense of some Presence which I had hitherto regarded.

As I wondered about this, feeling a strange sense of calm creeping over me, our Guest made what took to be an involuntary gesture of thankfulness for the food before Him . . . and I saw His hands. I lifted my eyes, wonderingly, I think to His, and gazed on His brow . . . and then I knew it was the Lord.

Those marks, those wounds, those hands—it was my Lord! Oh, why had I not known it earlier? My Lord! Why had I been so slow . . .

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"PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING"

(Continued from page 3)

As the one innocent person in a shameless family will feel more acutely the dishonour of their misdeeds, so Christ "gathered into His heart the shame and guilt of all the sin He saw. The perpetrators did not feel it, but He felt it. It crushed Him; it broke His heart; and He died under the weight of the sin of others."

This should check us in our heedless and sinful ways, lest we wound Him even now. Obey the lusts of the flesh, live to self, quarrel—and you are crucifying the Son of God afresh, and once more putting Him to open shame.



Easter Awakening

By

LT.-COLONEL ROWLAND HUGHES

VICTOR Mitchell scowled his annoyance and reached up through a half slumber to switch off the alarm on the ivory clock. It wasn't morning yet—it couldn't be! And, if it were, what difference did it make, anyway? It was Sunday and he never arose until eleven o'clock leisurely to prepare for dinner at twelve-thirty. He pulled in his arm and jerked up the covers.

But still the insistent clamour that had awakened him rang in his ears. Had the alarm switch stuck? He grabbed the clock and pulled it into bed. Just as he thought, the alarm was off.

And still that confounded ringing in his ears!

Louder and louder it grew until finally, in great exasperation, he sat up and looked around. At this instant the door burst open and the young man with whom he shared the apartment flung himself into the room.

"Can you beat it?" his companion shouted at the top of his voice. "Talk about colossal nerve! Talk about public disturbance! Talk about the rights of the peace-loving citizenry—!"

"What is it, anyway?" Victor mumbled sleepily. "I thought at first it was my alarm making all that racket."

"Alarm, my sainted aunt's eyebrow!" Johnny Benson ejaculated fiercely. "You can shut off an alarm! This happens to be The Salvation Army, my dear Brother Mitchell. The Salvation Army, in full regalia and with banners flung to the morning breezes, playing Easter hymns under our front window at seven o'clock in the morning! There ought to be a law. There ought to be a—"

"Calm yourself," Victor advised. "They've waked us up, so we might just as well make the best of it."

"But do you realize that it's only seven o'clock, and Sunday morning into the bargain? We ought to get back at them some way, throw a pail of water on them, or—or—say!"

He paused, struck suddenly dumb by the brilliance of the idea that had flashed into his mind. "Remember how Bill Boles broke up their Saturday night meeting a few weeks ago when he drank a little too much and started to play the saxophone

while hanging over the balcony on the second floor?" He paused long enough for the desired effect, "Let's get dressed and go down to their nice little Army hall and break up their nice little Easter morning service!"

"Good idea!" Victor was out of the bed and half way into the shower. "Taste of their own medicine . . . seven o'clock . . . Sunday morning—!" The rest of the jumble was cut off by the sharp splash of water on the tile wall.

Meanwhile the little group of Salvationists played on, unmindful of impending trouble. They were exalted in heart and mind by the day and its meaning. It was Easter! Christ was victor over the tomb! Hope was reborn! Was it not the occasion for making a joyful noise as sunrise ushered in another glorious Easter dawn?

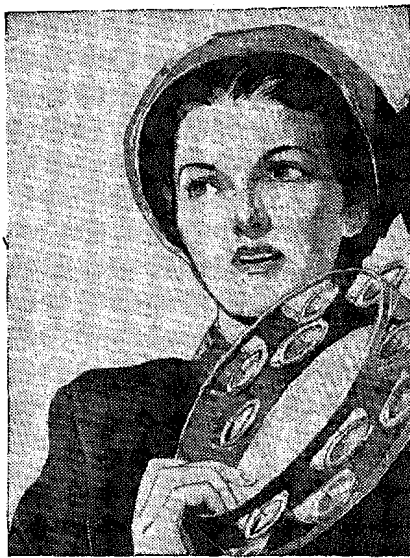
The two, nattily clad in their new spring suits and hats, and sporting favourite cravats and pigskin gloves, arrived at the Army hall almost simultaneously with the band, and the young officer in neatly-pressed



uniform cordially invited them to come in.

"I'm Captain Wayne—Anthony Wayne," he introduced himself. "We've been out sunrise serenading and are just going upstairs for a soldiers' breakfast before we make our Easter morning rounds of the hospitals. Won't you join us? Our regular meeting doesn't start until eleven, but we'd like very much to have you stay with us until then."

Johnny was about to protest, but a quick kick from Victor caused him to remain silent. The two followed Captain Anthony Wayne up the stairs and into a large room, where they were duly introduced to the soldiers and served with breakfast.



By the time they were ready to leave for the hospital, all thoughts of revenge had somehow fled their minds.

At the hospital the band was invited inside and allowed to play on the landing which led up to the wards on the second floor, and there the young Captain sang, accompanied by a muted cornet, a beautiful hymn that carried a message freighted with hope to those who lay suffering in the great institution.

*No more we tremble at the grave,
For He who died our souls to save
Will raise our bodies, too . . .*

When the song was ended, a white-capped nurse brought a whispered invitation to one of the private rooms. The Captain readily acquiesced, and, turning to his two visitors, said: "Want to come along?"

"Sure, why not?" they replied.

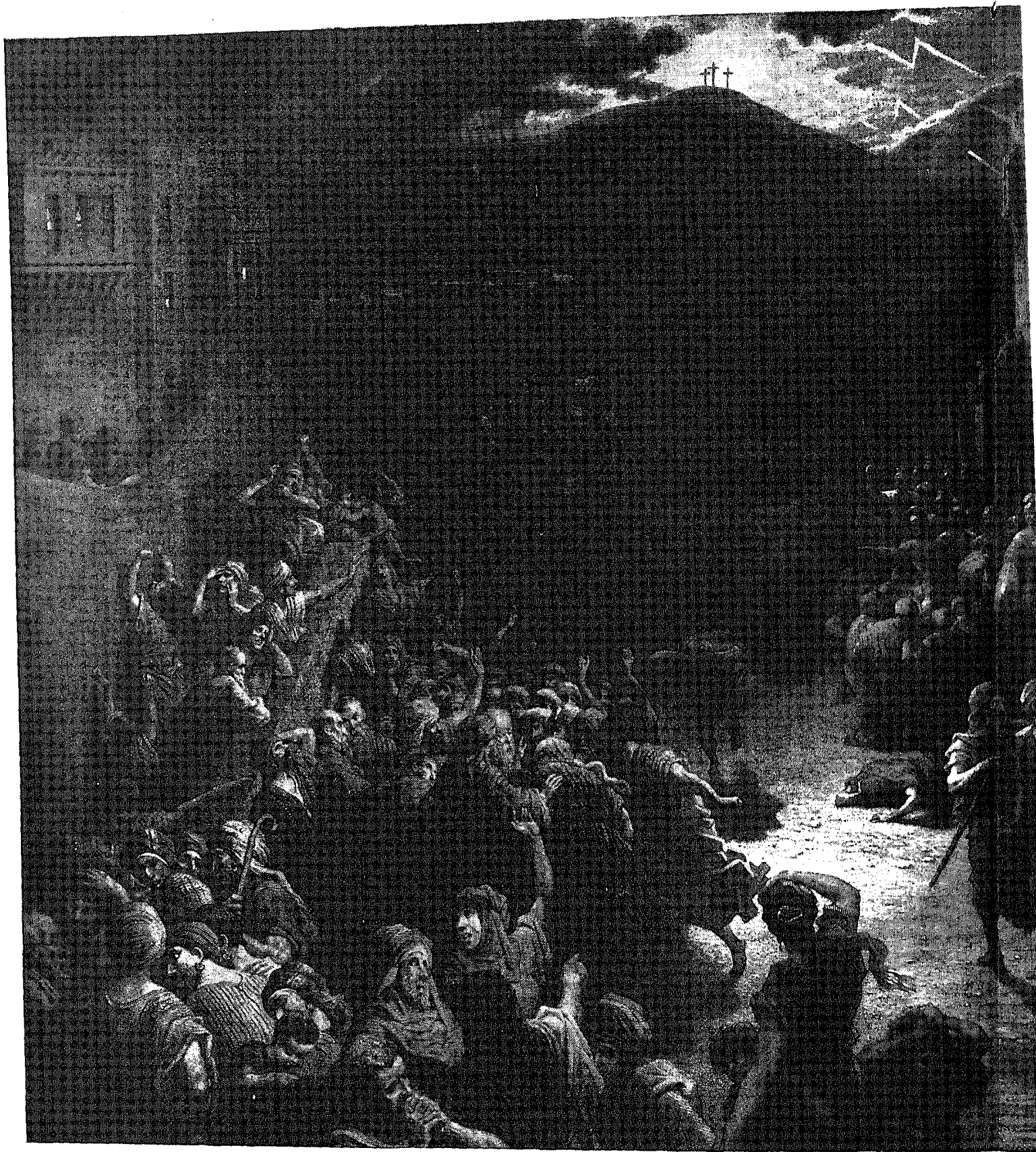
In the room a white-haired old soul smiled through her pain at the Army officer. "You've helped me so much," she told him. "God bless you!" Every word was a great effort, but still she spoke on. "The pain is so terrible, but your song, the message of it, makes it easier to bear. Would you mind just singing the chorus over again for me?"

The young Captain dropped to his knees beside the bed, the old patient's hand clasped firmly in his strong one, and sang softly:

He lives, He lives, I know He lives!

"And because He lives, I, too, shall live," the sick woman whispered. She turned her eyes toward the

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THE FRENCH ARTIST, Gustave Doré—a master of the dramatic in his pictures—is seen at his best in this graphic scene of the Crucifixion. The supernatural manifestations that characterized the last hours of the execution of Jesus is vividly shown. A figure who could be Judas is seen. Part of the crowd is depicted hurling maledictions at two of the disciples while, in the right foreground, John may be seen comforting the Mother of being quelled at the right background. The expressions are strikingly portrayed in scores of the nearby characters. May the picture cause us to exc

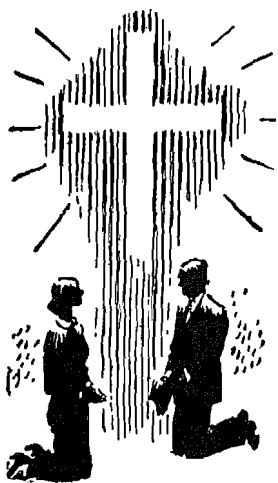
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THE WAR CRY



Painted by Doré

attention is at once drawn irresistibly to the three crosses silhouetted against the blazing horizon, while the terror of the people at the rushing down the street, with fingers in his ears to shut out the fearful sounds—all reminding him of his Master and of his own treachery. Women are shown in attitudes of despair, while soldiers ride along, trying to pacify the crowd. A riot seems to be in process of m, "When I survey the wondrous Cross on which the Prince of Glory died, my richest gain I count but loss, and pour contempt on all my pride!"



The Comradeship of The Cross

How can pain and suffering find a place in a world created by a loving God? There is no glib and simple answer to a question like this, man's universal cry of anguish. So many of us are like Job's wife, who beheld the mystery of pain and bitterly resented it. Our question, therefore, should not be, How can I escape it? but rather, How can I best meet it and for what purpose?

The disciplines of life are our schoolmasters. Comfort and ease can keep us blind to values whereby our sight may be restored. In the comradeship of the Cross, suffering becomes part of the price of the redemption of the world.

Life is a hard school and most people resent school. But blindness taught John Milton to see. Out of two years in Bedford Jail came John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Nature herself confirms this thesis. Iron that has been tempered by heat and hammer will bend without breaking. Game fish swim upstream. Hard woods flourish in the northern forests and make material for the finest violins. "A wounded oyster heals its hurt with a pearl."

Out of tribulation is born the saint and Telemachus of old was one of them. He was in Rome when a great victory over the Goths was being celebrated in the Colosseum by gladiatorial combats. There he went and

saw the men march up to the royal box and cry out, "Hail, Caesar, those about to die salute thee." Telemachus was horrified at the sight. He leaped over the low wall into the arena and shouted, "In the name of Christ, forbear!" The crowd of 80,000 laughed. But as the gladiators closed on one another, he thrust his way between them. One of them struck him with the flat of his sword but the spectators howled for blood and, with a quick flash of the blade, he lay in the sand.

One spectator, horrified at the sight, left the amphitheatre—followed by another and many others. The mind of the mass of the people had changed. From that day to this no gladiatorial fights have taken place.

Telemachus was a saint who walked by faith in God. He was a superb crusader of the comradeship of victorious sufferers.—Mona Purser.

Give Me Grace

Lord, give me grace to fill my days
(As Jesus did by Galilee,
Throughout those years thirty-
three)
With humble work, with prayer and
praise,
As truly and as graciously.
If sudden challenge comes to me
Give me His strength that cross to
raise!

Lily Sampson.

GETHSEMANE is the common lot of mankind. All have to walk in that garden of grief and learn the most difficult lesson in the world—how they may pluck flowers from the thorn and briar of that bitter experience.

The Gospel story tells very little about the torturing agony of crucifixion, yet here we have the world's most perplexing paradox—that the Cross is the key that unlocks the gate to the Kingdom of abundant life and well-being in this world. So it is said, "No cross—no crown."

Our difficulty is not to explain Gethsemane but how to win what good we may find there, even as prospectors search the wilderness for gold hidden in the hard rock below. In that first Gethsemane a New Era was born and a superb soul endured, whose spirit burned so brightly within, that its radiance shines down the ages and still today commends itself to all men for what it was and is.

Easter Blindness

("But Him they saw not." . . . Luke 24:24)

EASTER and a garden setting, speaking of eternal life,
Yet His followers had forgotten His great words, for fear was rife,
And their eyes by grief were holden that they could not see His form—
Could not understand the message of that glorious Easter morn.

"Him they saw not!" Tragic utterance! 'Tis the reason that mankind
Looks in vain for the Deliverer whom they cannot seem to find.
Prophecy has lost its promise; joy has gone into eclipse
In the hearts that cannot see Him, hear love's words from those blest lips.

"Him they saw not!" Easter blindness still is rampant in the earth
And the glorious Easter message of death vanquished—a new birth
Is unheeded by the people stumbling blindly on their way;
How they need Him—yet, in blindness, from Him they have turned away.

Ethel Alder.

The Cross Amid The Ruins

BY DIXON GORDON, TORONTO

I FIRST visited Saint Lo, France, in the early summer of 1944, when, in the course of my duties as a chaplain, I went looking for a detachment of my men who were working in that area. The smoke was still rising from the recent battle in which the Nazis had been driven out.

I came into the town from the north-west and, from several miles out, could see one feature that seemed to stand out prominently on the horizon. It was on the top of a hill, and having climbed to the summit I discovered it to be a cross. There it stood, covered with dust and grime, all that remained of the once proud cathedral in whose chancel it had been for long years the central point of worship.

To my amazement, though literally covered with dust, the cross itself was unharmed.

It was a striking scene, and after a few moments reflection my driver broke the silence and said: "It just goes to show, that while war can break homes and destroy churches, it cannot really touch faith."

Coming down from that hill I made my way through a rubble-strewn street of the peasant quarter. It was slow going for the debris was piled high just where it lay as a result of the bombardment by Canadians and Americans. Looking through the front window, which was all that remained of a humble cottage, I was amazed to see that while this partial wall with one win-

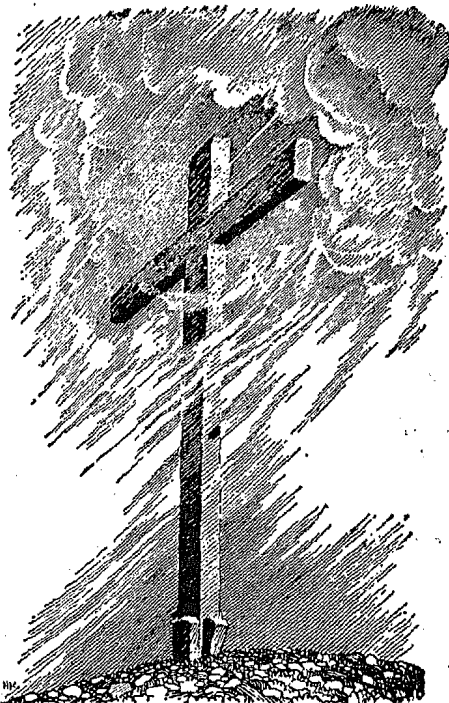
dow was all that remained standing—out in the back garden, glowing through the pile of rubble, was a riot of colour—where some summer flowers were still casting their perennial charm.

At once I felt that here in Saint Lo—at the site of the old cathedral and in the garden of a peasant—were these two fine reminders of that which most surely abides. Immediately I thought that the eternal Cross and the ever-present message of Easter were being eloquently declared.

In the midst of chaos and destruction there is always some trace of the glory and goodness of God to be found. These most surely abide. Though wars come and go, though the foolishness and sinfulness of men create havoc and destruction—these two Christian verities remain and shall remain forever.

Surely at this season we are reminded that, amid all the changes of life, the Cross abides. With its message of love and forgiveness, with all of its sacrifice and devotion, with its arms out-stretched in tenderness, for all the woes of men—the Cross is the symbol of God's abiding love and of His eternal grace. We cannot do without it, and we need not do without it, for it is in the Father's will that its benefits shall come to all men in every age.

The Cross is more than itself—it is a word of God to us, a great revealing and redeeming word. Hear what the poet has said about it:



"I sometimes think about the Cross,
And shut my eyes, and try to see
The cruel nails, the crown of thorns
And Jesus crucified for me;
But even could I see Him die,
I could but see a little part
Of that great love, which, like a fire
Is always burning in God's heart."

The Cross is forever uttering something deeper than itself, revealing a love in God that is mightier than sin in man. It is at the Cross more than anywhere else that we can understand what God means by love. We discover there that there is no suffering that He will shirk, no sacrifice that He will not make, nothing that He will not give to make us like Himself. It is in the Cross that we find God's greatest word.

Yes, the Cross abides as the eternal symbol of God's continuing love and help for men. It abides and is eloquent that in the midst of our sinning, despite our seething hatreds and our simmering resentments, faith in Christ is still an abiding virtue.

garden of His work. To those who surrender their hearts to His rays of love, nothing can daunt, nothing can conquer, and nothing can defeat.

Sunshine and love—those are the two paramount thoughts of Easter. The sunshine of the new law of kindness given by Christ—love your enemy, blessed is the peacemaker, love God with all thy heart and thy neighbour as thyself. And woven in the sunshine, inseparable from it and its very life is the love which Christ gave us, even to the dark hour of the Cross.

His is the sunshine pouring down upon us. We are the brown husks of humanity which He would waken and develop into the beautiful lilies of His field, sweet chalices of love, radiating beauty and compelling admiration everywhere we go.



Like Easter
Lilies, pure
and white,
Make Thou our
hearts, O Lord
of Light!
Like Easter
Lilies, let them
be,
Sweet chalices
of love to
Thee.

E. C. Dowd.

CHRIST was betrayed, crucified and buried—but the third day He rose again—rose to life and immortality and is the proof for all times for us, of life eternal.

Around us bloom the lilies of Easter, pure and fittingly emblematic of the risen Lord. Have they not been dead too? All winter the bulbs lay, dried and cold, and to all out-

ward appearances dead. But at last the powerful rays of the sunlight of warmth and energy touched them and crept into their hearts, and lo! new life awoke and the germ of the bulb reached up and pushed, first green leaves, then a bud, and lastly the glorious flower radiant with all the beauty of new life, for us to behold, admire, and believe.

"He is not here, but risen," said the angel to the women who came sorrowing to see the body of their Lord. Risen, yes risen indeed to that glorious life He died to redeem for every one of us. That is what He offers us, new life, risen from the pit of selfishness, despair, disappointment, and envy. New life of faith, of achievement, of immortality.

We are encased in the hard, brown desires of the world. But the glorious sunlight of our Lord's love reaches down into the heart of us, penetrating and awakening each cell of life, till we rise above the ugly desires, and blossom forth into hopeful, happy, confident blooms in the

"Behold The Man"

BY MRS. DAVE GILLARD, Sr., Toronto

THESE words were spoken by Pontius Pilate, the Roman Governor of Palestine at the time of Christ's Crucifixion. He was being urgently pressed by an angry mob, many of whom were incited to that anger by the bitterness of the priests and scribes. Pilate had no personal animosity toward the prisoner at the bar. He and many others had seen Jesus heal the sick and bless little ones. Those comprising the mob had seen Him teach in their synagogues and on the sea-shore; He had fed them when they were hungry; He had comforted them when they were sad. But the envious priests had aroused them to anger by false accusations, and now they were an unreasoning crowd of frenzied persons. Pilate could find no fault with Him and sought to save His life. Perhaps he thought he would accomplish this purpose best by presenting Jesus to them—Jesus, who had been driven from Calaphas to Pilate, then to Herod, then back to Pilate again; He was weary from the scourging and the bitter hatred—Jesus, with blood-stains on His patient face from the cruel crown of thorns. This was the Man they were invited to behold, but they had no pity for Him—only hatred, and malice, and a fierce desire to destroy. So He was crucified!

We, too, are invited to behold the Man. We should behold Him first as Saviour. It is when we look on Him through tears of contrition that we begin to see His beauty. When we contrast the whiteness of His purity with the blackness of our guilt, we get a faint idea of His majesty. When we compare the hope that shines from Him with the despair that our sin has brought, we really begin to love Him, and desire above all else to serve Him.

We should behold Him as Master. He has all knowledge and wisdom, as well as being All-Love, and His service is rewarding if entered into whole-heartedly. But He must have full control. We must await His orders, and render ready obedience. Sometimes, perhaps, we do not understand; the "why and the wherefore" escapes us. We may even think that some other way would be better for us, but we must trust and obey HIM if we are to render a worth-while service.

We are also privileged to behold Him as Friend! His words to His disciples were, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." Can we estimate the happiness of such a friendship? Sometimes earthly friendships are precious, but they are changeable; through circumstances or disposition they are not too

dependable. Friendship with Jesus will never change as long as we fulfil the conditions. He is yesterday, today and forever the same, constant and true.

We should behold Him as King, the One to whom we pledge our allegiance. We should be loyal to Him and His cause at all times, whether we are in the presence of His friends or His foes. We should resent anything that is disrespectful to Him and not be slow to reprove it. We should put the extension of His Kingdom always first in our lives. Let us behold Him as King!

One day we shall behold Him as Judge! There will be no choice about that. "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." He who is now a merciful, loving Saviour, will then sit upon a judgment throne, and all will see Him. Not only the soldier who thrust the spear in His side when He hung on Calvary's cross, but those who have pierced His loving heart by their cold indifference to His claims, and their repeated rejections of His offers of mercy. Those who have taken His Name in vain and have transgressed His laws, and those who have forgotten Him. All will behold Him then.

Today the choice is ours. Let us then behold Jesus as Saviour, Master, King, and Friend.

"They Watched Him There"

(Continued from page 5)

toward the Victim of that Cross, and with all our wonderment that they dared to gaze upon Him, we know that we also are irresistibly drawn toward the One who hangs there.

Men will continue to seek to evade and resist the drawing power of the Cross for they know it is the mirror in which the selfishness and

penalty of human sin are reflected. The Cross is also a searchlight which, shining from the hill of Calvary, reveals to us the plague of our own hearts. If we are prepared to stand in its light, if we are prepared to watch Him there, it will not be long before we shall say, as we gaze upon that marred visage, that it was our pride, our lust, our unbelief, our selfishness that pointed the nails and fixed the thorns and brought HIM THERE.

It has been truly said that it was not the hammer and the nails which held HIM THERE. It was not the Roman soldiers who wielded their weapons, nor the sharp iron driven through His hands into the wood that kept HIM THERE; these were the material instruments.

What really brought HIM THERE was our sin—yea, we ourselves, the sinners for whom He died. We are just as guilty as the men of that day who brought HIM THERE. It was not what men were doing to Jesus that we see at Calvary, but what God through Jesus was doing for men. They were torturing—He was forgiving.

But even could I watch Him die,
I could but see a little part
Of that great love which, like a fire,
Is always burning in His heart.

Let us give more than our thoughts to this scene. Let us give our hearts to it as we "Behold, the Lamb of God on the Cross" and once again "watch HIM THERE."

That Easter Morning March

(Continued from page 4)

grandfather and, when at last they stood outside his house, there was no response from within for a while. Finally, the curtain was drawn aside, and a trembling old hand opened the casement. Every one of the little party, while careful not to look, was aware of what was happening.

And what was it that did happen? Did an old man, looking back on the barren years, realize all at once how empty his heart had been? Who shall say? All we knew was that a tottering form was suddenly amongst the Salvationists in the little ring, pouring out his heart to God to forgive him for his backslidings.

How did I come to know all about this? Well—I know the Captain rather well, and he thinks the time spent at M—— is quite the best he has had so far in his experience.

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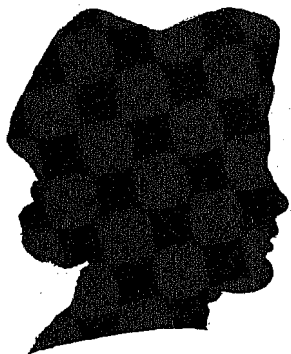
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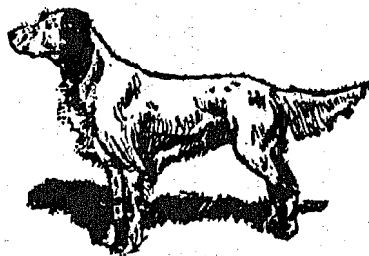
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THE DOG IN THE FOG

Sceptics might scoff at this story, and call the main incident merely chance, but believers will look upon it as another proof that "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."



BY MRS. BRIGADIER E. RISLEY

IT was a winter evening. In the small country town where I was employed I prepared to leave my work to go home to tea. Outside, I found a fog so dense that I could hardly see one step ahead. Leaving my bicycle, I started out and, very soon, had left the last of the shop lights behind me. It was very cold, and the damp, swirling fog seemed to wrap me tightly in a deadly silence. The only way I could be sure of keeping to the road and out of the way of any traffic was by placing one foot on the grass verge and the other on the road gravel. There was no fence to guide me.

It was an occasion for prayer, so I asked urgently that God would send someone to walk home with me. I sensed rather than heard a movement, and paused to listen for foot-

steps. Then, close beside me there brushed something shaggy-coated and wet. It was a large dog. Now, I had deep fear of dogs, and for a moment I was paralyzed, scared to move. The dog seemed huge and I was small, and it just stood there pressed against me, not moving or barking. Its tail might have wagged, but I couldn't see it. The animal was just a blur.

"Go away, dog," I murmured, too scared to raise my voice in case it provoked an attack. Nothing happened. Soon I started ahead again. The dog moved with me.

Then I remembered my prayer, and fear left me as I became aware that this was God's answer! True, I wondered why He should send a dog when I distrusted them so, but step by step we made the journey, my hand on the dog's collar. I talked all the way home, and the one-sided

conversation was a great comfort, but when we reached the home gate the dog drew away and, in spite of my efforts to coax it inside, disappeared into the fog as though it knew I had no further need of its company.

I never knew what colour it was, what it really looked like or who it belonged to, but it was there to meet my need. Not only had I been led home but my fear of dogs had completely vanished.

In many years of visiting and collecting as a corps officer, I have met scores of dogs and, while approaching some with caution, I have never again had the desire to turn and run or to pass a house because a dog looked at me.

Thus on that foggy night God was preparing me for the work He had waiting to be done in the future.

The War Cry, New Zealand

THE POWER OF THE CROSS

BY ALFRED ST. LAURENT, Megantic, Que.

"I GIVE my life."—Before that supreme sacrifice all others pale into insignificance. Through that sacrifice the most heinous sin can be atoned and forgiven, and a ruined, wasted and devastated life can be restored.

When the Lord Jesus gave His life, it ushered in a new era for all mankind. Our hopes for salvation are born at the foot of the Cross. It is only there that our sins fall from our burdened shoulders.

Pilgrim, gather at the Cross. There you will hear songs so beautiful that they cannot be expressed in any human language. The power of the Cross never did and never will grow less. Its glorious magic reaches the souls today as well as it did in times past. It cheers the cast down, low-spirited heart; it changes the mind and strengthens the will. There is no soul so low and weak that the power of the Cross cannot give new strength and new life.

Definition of Christianity

A MINISTER soliciting for a worthy cause was turned down by a curt letter, which ended, "As far as I can see, this Christian business is one continuous give, give, give." The clergyman wrote back, "Thank you for the best definition of the Christian life I have ever heard."

AN ARRESTING SIGN-BOARD

STANDING conspicuously beside a railway track in Korea is a large signboard carrying the following striking message:

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF GALLANT OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 7TH CAVALRY REGIMENT, FIRST CAVALRY DIVISION, HAS MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR YOU TO BE HERE.

Of course there are no signboards in Heaven, nevertheless all who enter will be conscious of the fact that the precious blood of Christ made it possible for them to be there.

Divine justice decreed that, "without shedding of blood there is no remission" of sins. (Hebrews 9: 22).

The sinless Lord Jesus Christ willingly gave His precious blood at the place called Calvary for the remission of sins. Nothing less would do; nothing more is required. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin. (1 John 1: 7).

Personal faith in that divinely perfect and all sufficient sacrifice of Christ is necessary. "Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." (Acts 10: 43). What is your attitude toward the precious blood of Christ?—NOW.

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve. But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Joshua 24:15

CHRIST IS ALL

"My God shall supply all your need."—Phil. 4:19.

He is Light—"I am the Light of the World."

He is Bread—"I am the Bread of Life."

He is Water—"Whosoever drinketh . . . shall never thirst."

He is the Way—"I am the Way . . ."

He is the Saviour—"He is able to save them to the uttermost."

He is Physician—"I am the Lord that healeth thee."

He is Power—"All power is given unto Me in Heaven and in earth."

He is Friend—"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

He is Host—"Thou preparest a table before me."

He is Guest—"I will come in . . . and will sup with him."

He is Guide—"He will guide you into all truth."

He is High Priest—"The Spirit itself maketh intercession for us."

He is the Resurrection—"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

He is Life Companion—"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end."

"For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall."

Isaiah 25:4.



Easter Awakening

(Continued from page 7)



two boys who stood at the bedside, "Would one of you pray?" she asked gently.

Pray! Victor and John looked helplessly at each other. Pray! Simultaneously, the same thought raced through their minds: the only prayer they knew was that one they had repeated at their mothers' knees: "Now I lay me—" But that wouldn't do here!

The Captain, divining the situation, bade them kneel by the bed, and lifted his own voice in petition to the Heavenly Father. He spoke to Him with perfect ease and naturalness, in a manner which denoted close fellowship and intimate acquaintance.

The old person's eyes were still alight when the trio left, and the Captain's voice was still husky when he finally spoke. "There's nothing like it in all the world, fellows—the Living Christ in your heart means so much, can do so much! I never really knew what living was until I was converted. Now, to be able to tell out the story, to be able to pray, to be able to bring a little comfort to such

people as that little old lady—I thank God for those privileges every day I live!"

The two visitors were silent for a moment. Then: "Captain," Johnny Benson was the speaker. "We—we—" He hesitated and then plunged as a diver plunges, quickly, cleanly: "You see, we came down to the hall this morning to break up your meeting. But your sincerity has sort of got us, made us realize how foolish we are. You have something, Captain, that I'd give anything in the world to possess."

"And I," Victor Mitchell seconded. "This Living Christ you've been talking about, your friendship with God—can we—could we . . .?"

Without further ado the trio knelt on the hospital steps and again the Captain prayed, as did his companions.

When they were joined on the stairway by the band, the Salvationists noted the look of happiness on the visitors' faces. The white-capped nurse at the desk saw it, too, and spoke to a young interne. "I never knew a visit to a sick-room could

make anyone so happy," she remarked. "Something must have happened in there."

She was right, something had happened! God had marvellously used a sunrise serenade, a sick-room visit and a single testimony to light up with hope eternal the faces and hearts of Victor Mitchell and Johnny Benson.

Mingling with the bandmen, they made their way out of the hospital into the cool freshness of the never-to-be-forgotten morning. Passersby turned to stare at the two young men so radiant in their joy. But Victor and Johnny did not care—they felt like shouting the news to the whole wide world. It was Easter Morning! Easter throughout all the world. But, more important, it was Easter in their hearts!

THE GATEWAY OF LIFE

DEATH, says the Book of the Law, is a punishment. Death says science, is a law of nature. Death, says Jesus Christ, is nothing save the gate of everlasting life. Death is a punishment, if we will have it so. If we turn into ends what are meant to be instruments; if we give a false and spurious substance to shadows whose nature is to come and go, and to desires which, so idealized and intensified, can never be satisfied, then death, which dissolves these cloud-palaces, will be a punishment—a punishment for mistaking shadow for substance, and attempting to slake the divine thirst of the soul in the waters of a mirage.—Dean Inge.

AT GOD'S RIGHT HAND

I LIKE to think that the dying repentant thief was crucified at the right hand of the crucified Saviour. Where peoples and nations are concerned we should heed, in these momentous days, the words of Christ Jesus: "When the Son of man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory; And before Him shall be gathered all nations; and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: And He shall set the sheep ON HIS RIGHT HAND, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand: Come, ye blessed of my Father".

IT HAPPENED ON THE EMMAUS ROAD

(Continued from page 6)

heart? My Lord!

His passing was as graciously sudden as His coming; but He left us with a hallowed, comforting influence which has followed me ever since.

Such comfort, such hopefulness, such gladness could not be kept to oneself. I called to my companion and found him sitting quietly by my side; it was evident that the tenderness of the hour had descended upon a spirit hitherto surly. He answered me with a courtesy which was almost exactly like that of the Guest who had blessed us.

He, too, was likeminded—that we should return to the town and tell others of the gladness we had

found. And so through the hours of the very early morning we retraced our steps over the road. Our feet seemed winged, as if they were the feet of those carrying good tidings.

Soon we saw the light of the dawn stretching over the sleeping city like a beautiful benediction. The towers reflected the glory. The place was no more the place of my defeat; it was the place where my Lord waited for me.

And He is with me for evermore, my Companion of the Way! Even as I write I hear His whispered love within my soul, "Lo, I am with you *always*, even unto the end of the world!"

Watch One Hour

WOULD ye not watch with me one hour?"—

Oh, teach me, that I may Resist the Tempter's subtle power, When I have learned to pray.

Dear Lord, how many times I've prayed

"Watch over them for me,"

But, oh, how few the times I've stayed

To watch one hour with Thee!

I could have learned so many things While close to Thee in prayer, And known the joy communion brings

To all who tarry there.

And we shall have His gift of peace In Christ, our strength and stay, When from the world we seek release

By tarrying to pray.—M.S.

A GARDEN OF MEMORIES

"NOW in the place where Jesus was crucified, there was a Garden; and in the Garden, a new tomb" (St. John 19: 41). "He is not here, He is risen." At the foot of an eminence there is a quiet Garden and a tomb hewn in the rock. Rosemary and rue are growing there, roses and lilies; birds are singing among the trees. This is the Garden of the Resurrection. Here to Mary of Magdala was revealed her Risen Saviour. He who seemed to be the gardener simply said,—"Mary,"—and she knew and understood.



Christ is the centre of our Easter joys



“O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.”

(Christ's prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane, prior to His arrest and crucifixion.—Matt. 26;39)